

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore :
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his liuery and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale :
 My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd ;
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,
 Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attend him on bridges, stode in lanes,
 Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
 Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
 He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
 Vpon the naked shore at *Rauespurgh*
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
 That lay too heauie on the common wealth,
 Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
 This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
 The hearts of all that he did angle for ?
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the fauourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the poynt.
 In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole state :
 To make that worse, suffred his kinsman *March*,
 Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd i
 There without ransome to lie fo
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victo
 Sought to intrap me by intellige
 Rated my Vncle from the Coun
 In rage dismisde my Father from
 Broke oth on oth, committed w
 And in conclusion, droue vs to
 This head of safetie, and withall
 Into his title, the which we finde
 Too indirect for long continuanc
Blunt. Shall I returne this answ
Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter.* Weele
 Goe to the King, and let there be
 Some suretie for a safe returne ag
 And in the morning early shall m
 Bring him our purpose, and so fa
Blunt. I would you would acce
Hot. And may be, so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you doe.
Enter Archbishop of Yorke,
Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, be
 With winged hast to the Lord
 This to my coosen *Scroope*, and al
 To whome they are directed. If y
 How much they doe import, you
Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gei
Arch. Like enough you doe,
 Tomorrow, good *Sir Michell*, is
 Wherein, the fortune of ten thou
 Must bide the touch : For *Sir* at
 As I am truly giuen to vnderstand
 The King with mighty and quick
 Meets with Lord *Harry* ; and I fe
 What with the sicknesse of *North*
 Whose power was in the first prop
 And what *Owen Glendowers* absenc
 Who with them was rated firmly